

E L E G Y

On the much lamented Death of the late Right Honourable Sir Peter Warren, Knt. of the B A T H, and Rear Admiral of the Red, and Member of Parliament for the City of *Wellminster*, who departed this Life on Thursday July the 30th between Three and Four o' Clock in the Morning.



IN vain with plaintive Voice and weeping Eyes,

We mourn the great, the generous the wise;
The Muses Tears, when for the Dead design'd
Flow but in Vain, impertinently kind.

But who can now withhold the falling tear,
To one so lov'd, so affable, sincere;
In whom each Virtue, with each Grace combin'd,

And gentle Sweetness with a manly mind,
Good Sense, good Nature, blended and complete,

Tho' gay religious; and tho' young, discreet
Free with reserve; majestic yet not proud;
Form'd all to please, and exquisitely good,
Like the serene Inhabitants above,

His Form created Dignity and Love:

His Breast could not transparent crystal need
His spotless heart was seen in every deed.

By Merit prais'd, by envy nee desam'd,
In death lamented, and thro' life unblam'd.

Ye noblest Heroes now prepare to mourn,
Strike your sad breasts, great Warren now is gone,

No more the valliant Hero glads our life,
Whose many virtues did our cares beguile,

His sad Domesticks now assemble round,
Lamenting their great loss in sighs profound,

The unwelcome news strikes every listening Ear,

Now heartfelt groans ensue, nor drops a tear
In silent sobs each strives to hide his Woes,

Now their eyes stream, and all their grief disclose.

Save Warren, they early unexpected hearse,
Demands the solemn obloquy of Verse;

And thy lov'd memory for ever dear.

Claims the last Tribute of a friendly Tear,

Generous and free, thy ever open heart,

Did readily in others Cares take part,

In every Action he is Virtues prov'd,

And loving all, by good Men was belov'd.

Steady and brave in every manly part,

Tender and kind when pity touch'd the Heart.

O still prevailing let those Virtues shine

As Incense rising to the Throne divine

And while thy deeds in glorious praise ascend

Our groans and humbler tribute shall attend

Good angels guide thee to the realms above,

To scenes of pure, unmix'd eternal Love.

AN EPI T A P H,

To the immortal Memory of Sir Peter Warren.

KIND Reader stop, and shed a mournful Tear,

The valliant Warren, lies interred here.

Hibernia with Britannia's heavenly Maid,

With artless griefs bewails their favourite Dead,

Their bosoms heaving with incessant Sighs

Stream the big sorrows from their melting Eyes.

F I N I S.